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UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

Episode No. 17.

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() - () 11:30 to 12:30 A.M. C.S.T. APRIL 28, 1932 THURSDAY

ANNOUNCER: Here are Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers --

(ORCHESTRA - QUARTET)

ANNOUNCER: Forest Ranger Jim Robbins and his young assistant,
Jerry Quick, are with us again today. In their work of keeping
the national forest green and growing, they have to make many
preparations to meet the emergencies of the fire season each year.
Lookout cabins must be put in shape and sometimes additional ones
must be built; man power for the fire season must be mobilized;
tools and equipment must be ready; telephone lines must be
repaired and new lines strung to improve the communication system
on the forest. Preparedness that makes for quick action is the
key to success in forest fire suppression.

Today we find Ranger Jim and Jerry out in the forest, riding toward the top of Bald Peak, where a new lookout cabin is to be erected. Slim, the packer, with his string of pack-mules is also coming along, bringing a load of material for the new cabin.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

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(SOUND OF HORSES WALKING ON TRAIL - ALSO BELL ON LEADER OF PACK STRING)

JIM: Oh, Slim.

SLIM: (off) Ya-ah.

JIM: Hold it a minute, Slim.

SLIM: (coming up) Awright. -- Whoa thar: -- Whoa:

(SOUND OF HORSES AND TILES AND BELL STOPS)

JERRY: Whoa, Spark.

JIM: This is where we're going to hook on the telephone line leading up to the new lookout station, Jerry.

JERRY: I see. -- Going to drop off a roll of telephone wire here?

JIM: No, we'll drop the wire up above so we can pay it out down hill. -- But we'll hook onto the other line here at this pine tree, see? The new line'll be strung down from the top of the mountain, following the general line of the trail.

JERRY: Yeah. I see.

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SLIM: (slightly off) Whoa thar: Whoa, yuh blasted old --

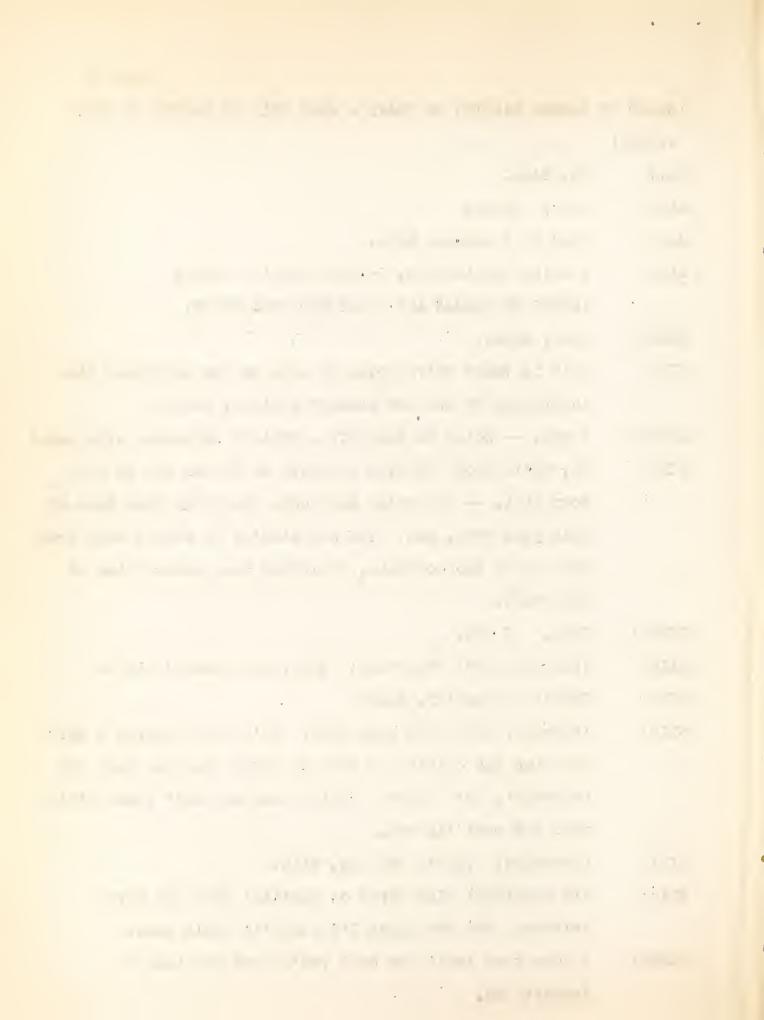
JIM: What's the matter, Slim?

SLIM: (angrily) Thet durn gray mule. He's plum ornery. - Half the time yuh cain't get 'im tuh budge when yuh want tuh be movin', an' the rest of the time he won't stand still when yuh want 'im tuh.

JIM: (chuckles) That's too bad, Slim.

SLIM: I'm a-gittin' plum tired o' rastlin' with the durn critter. Fer two cents I'd pump 'im fulla lead.

JERRY: I hope that isn't the mule you've got the load of dynamite on.



SLIM: I'll say it ain't! I wouldn't trust that critter with a load o' plain dirt. -- I got telephone wire on 'im.

JIM: (chuckles) Just telephone wire, eh? --- Well, we'll unload some of it further up, Slim.

SLIM: Awright.

JERRY: Which mule's carrying the dynamite?

SLIM: Thet black mule over thar -- Bertha. Bertha's purty steady, she is.

JERKY: Gee, I hope so: (laughs) I think I'll stay away from Bertha anyhow.

JIM: (chuckles) Keep a respectful distance from the lady, eh?

JERRY: I'll say so. (Laughs) Gee, it's lucky Bertha doesn't know she's got a load of dynamite on her back. She'd be a nervous wreck.

SLIM: I'm the one that's goin' tuh be a nervous wreck - or sumpin' - with that durn gray mule actin' up the way he does.

(JERRY AND JIM LAUGH)

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JERRY: Say, Jim. You aren't going to need that much dynamite to blow out a place for the new lookout cabin, are you?

Gee, that ought to be enough to blow up the whole mountain.

JIM: No, we won't need it all for the cabin foundation, Jerry

-- but we'll need the rest of it to fix up the trail.

We'll need a better trail than we've got now, when we start packing in supplies to the lookout man. There's some rock on the upper end of the trail that'll take some blasting.

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JERRY: I see. I hope I can get in on some of that work.

I'd like to know something about it.

JIM: Yes, you will, Jerry. It's a good thing to know how to handle powder -- We'll fix the trail and telephone line first of all -- and then it won't take long to get the cabin set up, after we get a foundation. The Forest Service supply depot sends the material all ready-cut and marked, you see, and all we have to do is to put it together according to the plan.

JERRY: That ought to be easy.

JIM: We ought to have the site leveled off by the time Slim gets all the rest of the stuff packed up. -- There's a little spring about a quarter of a mile from the top, Jerry, and you and I can make camp there tonight while Slim goes back after another load.

JERRY: That'll be fine. Then we'll start stringing the telephone line right away?

JIM: Soon as we get the trail fixed.

JERRY: How do you hook the new line on? Don't you need some special attachment?

JIM: No. Just splice the wires, that's all. -- You see, the Forest Service uses a ground line system with a single wire. It costs a lot less to put up than the usual type of wire. -- Why don't you take the climbing spurs and skin up that pine tree there? The line over to Wagon Canyon Guard Station is hooked on there at that same tree too, and you can see how it's done.

JERRY: All right. Where are the spurs?

JIM: In that pack on the bell mare.

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SLIM: I'll git 'em, son. (going off) I don't want nobody upsettin' my packs.

JEFRY: All right, Slim . --

SLIM: (coming up) Here y'are.

JERRY: Thanks, Slim. Let's see, now. How do they go? -- I've never had these things on before, you know.

JIM: Just buckle 'em around your shoes -- like that, See? -- and under your knee. -- That's it.

JERRY: There. How's that? Do I look like a telephone lineman?

JIM: (chuckles) Just like a veteran. -- Don't forget your belt.

JERRY: All right. (going off) -- Well, here goes.

JIM: (calls) That's the way, Jerry. -- The boy takes to tree climbing like a monkey.

SLIM: Purty good, awright.

JIM: (calls) Don't hug the tree, Jerry -- Lean away from it, or your spurs won't hold.

JERRY: (off) I getcha. -- Here's the splice. -- I see how you do it.

JIM: (yells) Hey! Lean out:

JERRY: (off - yells) Ow-w:

SLIM: He's a-slippin', Jim.

(SOUND OF JERRY'S FEET HITTENG THE GROUND HARD)

JERRY: Ouch: - Gosh:

JIM: What's the matter, son? You seemed kinda in a hurry to get down.

JERRY: (Laughs sheepishly) I did come down faster'n I meant to.

The spurs didn't hold.

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SLIM: You shore was a-slidin'.

JERRY: I bet it looked funny.

JIM: Hurt you any?

JERRY: No. Just tore the skin on my hands a little. -- Just a couple of scratches.

JIM: (chuckles) Well, it sure took a sizeable piece out of your breeches.

JERRY: Gosh. It did tear 'em sure enough. (Laughs) I'm glad there aren't any ladier present.

JIM: Maybe we can patch you up a little when we unpack our stuff up on top.

JERRY: Okay, Jim.

JIM: You'll get used to these climbing spurs by the time we get through stringing this line down from the lookout cabin.

JERRY: I s'pose so. -- Say, this being a lookout way up on top of a mountain must be kind of a dull, lonesome job.

JIM: Well, I reckon it is kinda lonesome, but sometimes it ain't exactly dull, Jerry. -- Escpecially when one of these summer storms comes up and lightning starts popping all around the lookout cabin.

JERRY: I should think it'd be pretty dangerous - if lightning should happen to strike the lookout cabin.

JIM: Well, now and then it does strike 'em. But the "cage" protection system that the Forest Service has worked out can be depended on pretty well to keep it from making a direct hit. It's a network of heavy copper wire all around the cabin, and leading to the ground. -- Sometimes lightning comes scootin' in on the telephone wire though.

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JERRY: Gee, that wouldn't be so pleasant.

JIM: We'll want to put in a switch to ground the telephone line when we fix up this cabin up here. -- So the lookout man can throw it when a bad storm comes up -- We've had lightning come in on the telephone wire many a time and knock things galley-west.

JERRY: The lockout men have to be on their toes more than ever when there's a storm going on, too, I guess. -- To watch and see if the lightning starts any forest fires.

JIM: They sure do. These lookout boys of ours get pretty well acquainted with lightning, all right. You can't tell any of them that lightning never strikes in the same place twice. — (chuckles) Sometimes it does some queer tricks, though.

JERRY: For instance?

JIM: Well, just last year over on the Deerlodge National Forest,
Ranger Skillman and his assistant, Richtmyer, came
a-ridin' into the Ranger Station with a seven-horse pack
outfit one afternoon all kinda battered up and not
lookin' very cheerful. It seems that they were comin'
down the trail from the Mount Emerine Lookout Station
when along come a lightning bolt and struck the telephone
line back of 'em a ways. Well, the lightning burned up
about half a mile of wire and then jumped over to
Skillman's head and his assistant's shoulder. Knocked
'em both clear out.

JERRY: Gee. It's a wonder it didn't kill them.

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JIM:

No, it didn't quite. - Skillman was the first to come alive and when he started looking around, here was Richtmyer and all the seven horses scattered around the trail looking just like they were stone dead. Skillman kinda pulled himself together and worked on Richtmyer awhile till he came out of it, and then they started getting the horses back on their feet - which wasn't such an easy job. seeing as Skillman's right arm was clear out of comission. -- Well, when they finally got back to the Ranger Station and started looking themselves over they found that Richtmyer was shy three teeth besides being cut up some, and the horses were all skinned up from falling on the rocky trail - and Skillman - he hasn't got much hair left on his head anyhow - but most of what he still had was burned off cleaner'n a whistle.

JERRY: Boy: It must've been quite a jolt.

JIM: So it was. -- You know, Jerry - sometimes one of these bad lightning storms up in the high mountains here seems to sort of electrify the whole country round about.

JERRY: Does it?

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JIM:

(chuckles) Yeah -- A couple of our smoke-chasers were working up the trail near here one night just as a storm was coming up. It was kinda steep goin' so pretty soon they sat down to get their wind back. Well, one of the boys took a bite out of his plug of tobacco and then took off his hat and started to wipe the sweat off, but soon as he run his fingers through his hair, the other fellow let out a yell. "Hey, Jack!" he says, "You're shootin' sparks!" Sure enough, he was sparkin' just like one of these things the kids play with on Fourth of July.

JERRY: (laughs) Sort of human fire works, eh?

JIM: Yeah. -- Well, that didn't disconcert Jack much, but pretty soon he let fly a wad of tobacco jucie, aimin't for a tree stump across the trail. Right then he jumped up and let out a yell himself.

JERRY: Why? What happened?

JIM: (chuckles) The tobacco juice was lit up like a stream of liquid fire.

JERRY: (Laughs) Surprised him, huh?

JIM: It sure did. -- Well, Slim's fussin' with those mules of his again, but I reckon we better hit the trail -- (calls)

Hey, Slim. Ready to go?

SLIM: (off) I reckon.

JIM: All right, Dolly (pats horse's neck) Let's go.

SLIM: (off) Giddap, thar. -- Step out, you critters.

JERRY: (at same time) Get up, Spark.

(SOUND OF HORSES AND MULLS AND BELL MARE'S BELL)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF HORSES AND PACK STRING ON TRAIL)

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JIM: Whoa, Dolly, -- (calle, Hold it, Slim.

SLIM: (off) Whoa, thar. ~ Whoa.

(SCUND OF MOVING PACK STRING STOPS)

JERRY: Gee, how're we going to get across there, Jim?

JIM: Ain't much trail left, is there, Jerry?

JERRY: I should say not. There's been a rock slide there that's wiped the trail right out.

JIM: Hmm. Pretty steep bank, too. Durned if I can see much left in the way of a foothold.

JERRY: It looks slippery as glass.

JIM: I reckon it is. -- Well now, let's see. -- It's too steep to go up around. I guess 'bout the only thing we can do is to feel our way down into the canyon and come back up to the trail on the other side of the slide. -- Want to try it, Slin?

SLIM: (slightly off) I dunno. -- Yeah, I reckon we kin make it.

JIM: All right. Let's try it.

JERRY: Are we going to ride down that bank?

JIM: Sure.

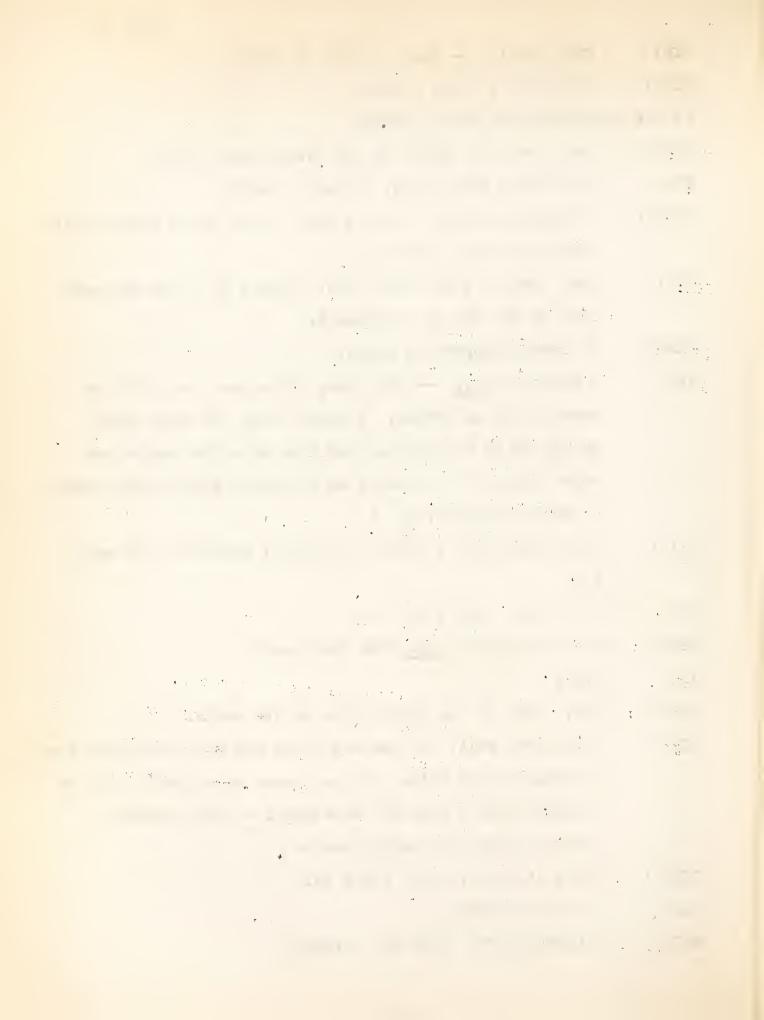
JERRY: Gee: What if the horse slips on the rocks.

or else you can slide off your horse so he won't fall on you, and make a grab for something. -- Your horse'll probably find his footing again.

JERRY: Well, I'm game, Jim. Let's go.

JIM: All right, Dolly.

SLIM: (slightly off) Come on. Giddap.



(SOUND OF HORSES AND PACK STRING STEPPING SLOWLY DOWN STEEP BANK

CONTINUES THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JERRY: Gosh! It sure is steep! -- Kinda ticklish going, isn't it?

JIM: 'Maint so bad. Let your horse take his time, Jerry. -Give him his head, ---

JERRY: Sure. -- Take it easy, Spark. -- Say! What about that mule with the load of Synamite?:

JIM: (chuckles) She better watch 'er step. It'll be healthier for 'er.

JERRY: I'll say so! -- And the rest of us, too. --

JIM: (after pause) Well, that's the worst of it. (calls)

How you coming, Slim?

SLIM: (off) It's purty steep -- but we're a-comin' --

JERRY: Look at those mules pick their way down. They're certainly sure-footed animals, aren't they?

JIM: Yep. -- (calls quickly) Hi, Slim: Watch out for Bertha!

SLIM: (off) Whoa, Bertah! -- Whoa!

JIM: (calls) Her pack's slipping!

JERRY: Gosh, that's the dynamite! -- (shouts) Look out!

(SOUND OF ROLLING MULE BUMPING DOWN BANK, RATTLE OF FALLING STONES,

ETC.)

JERRY: (with it) Duck, Jim: She's sliding down the bank:

(SCUND OF FALLING MULE STOPS) (AD LIB TO STRETCH OUT)

JIM: Spilled out both boxes of powder. -- Well, nothing happened.

JERRY: Gosh: I thought we were going to be blown sky high that time.

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JIM: (chuckles) One of life's little thrills, eh? -- Slim,
your mule ain't hurt a mite. She's up on her feet again.

SLIM: Doggone lucky. --- By jiggers, that shore brung the sweat out on me all of a sudden. I could see myself already a-setting up on a cloud listning to the angels singing.

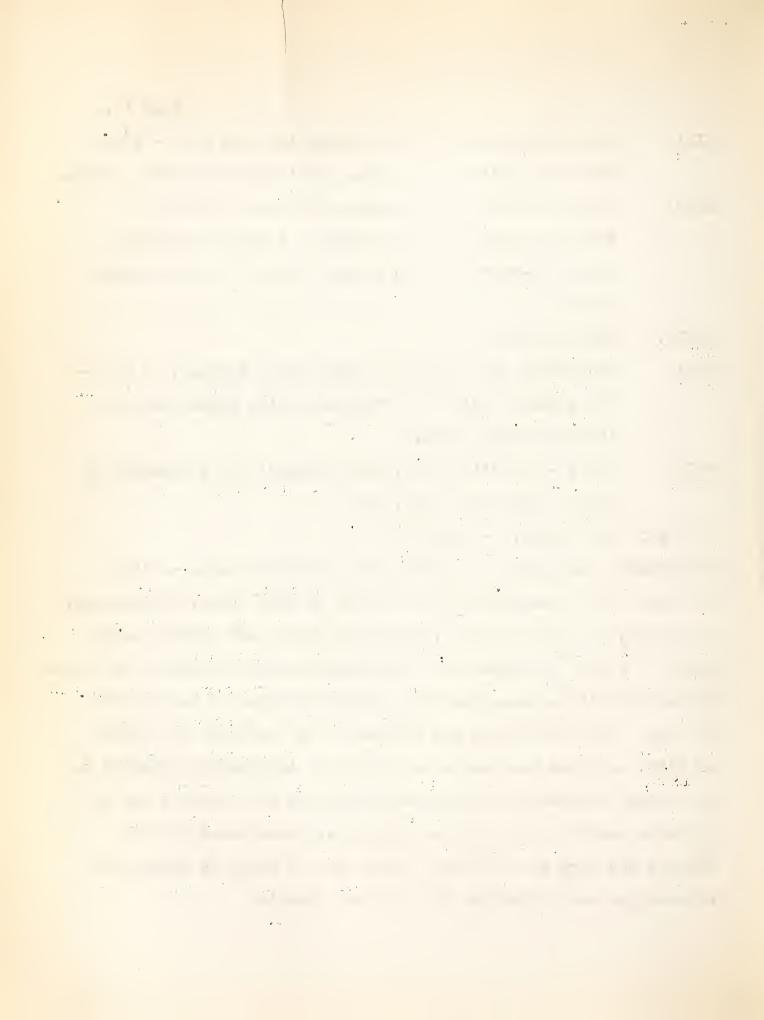
JERRY: Gosh; Me too.

JIM: (chuckles) Not exactly a comfortable feeling, is it? -Well, Slim. We'll have to pick up the powder and get
it back on that mule.

SLIM: Yeah. - An' b'lieve me, she's a-goin' to be hitched up plenty tight this time, too.

(JIM AND JERRY LAUGH. -- FADEOUT)

ANNOUNCER: Well folks. Jim and Jerry are still here. -- I'll bet they don't lose much time in fixing up that trail, though, and, of course, in a few days now, they will have a new lookout cabin built on top of the peak and a new telephone wire strung up to it. -- During the fire season, the lookouts are the eyes of the Forest Service. The lookout men are constantly on the watch for signs of fire, and when ever smoke is sighted it is promptly reported to the ranger station so that men can go to the fire quickly and get it under control. No doubt we shall learn more about how the lookout men work as we follow Penger Jim and Jerry in their work of managing and protecting the national forest.



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Tune in next Thursday at this same hour, when Ranger Jim and Jerry will be with us again. "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" comes to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

The role of Ranger Jim Robbins is played by Harvey Hays.
Others in the cast today were:

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